CHARLTON COMICS
Fightin'
ARMY
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
NO. 80 JULY CDC
12¢
CONTINUING THE SAGA OF "THE LONG LONELY WAR OF CAPT. WILLY SCHULTZ!"
THEY'RE ALL DEAD... ALL DEAD... BOTH GERMAN AND ARAB... AND FOR WHAT?

BREAKDOWN!

I'M ALONE UP HERE IN THE OUTPOST... I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE RELIEVED AT 0400 HOURS BUT I'VE BEEN UP HERE WET AND FREEZING FOR 7 HOURS NOW AND I CAN'T TAKE TOO MUCH MORE! THE KRAUTS WOULD'VE FINISHED ME JUST NOW BUT THE FIRST ONE RAN INTO THE TRIPWIRE GRENADE I'D RIGGED... SO I GOT THE SECOND ONE WITH TWO ROUNDS AND JUST TURNED NOW TO GET THE THIRD AS HE TRIES TO USE HIS BAYONET! I'M SURPRISED I CAN STILL PULL THE TRIGGER... AMAZED I HAVE THE WILL TO FIGHT! MY FEET ARE FROZEN... MY FINGERS ARE LIFELESS STICKS... AND THERE'S A BLAZING BALL OF PAIN INSIDE MY BRAIN!
KARNOW IS STILL ALIVE OUT THERE! SERGEANT, TAKE OVER... I'LL GO AFTER HIM THIS TIME!
KARNOW, HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S ME, LT. ELDON!
ELDON! HE'LL HELP ME!
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CORPORAL, YOU OKAY? KARNOW, CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU HIT ANYWHERE?
GOT TO ANSWER HIM... GOT TO WARN HIM ABOUT...
...THAT GERMAN! HE'S GOING TO...
THE STUTTER OF THE MACHINE PISTOL IS LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK AWAKENING ME FROM A BAD SLEEP! THE INSTANT IT HAPPENS, I CAN MOVE AGAIN...AND I DON'T NEED THE MEDIC'S WARNING SHOUT TO MAKE ME MOVE!
WATCH IT, SIR! KARNOW, CAN'T YOU SEE THE KRAUT?
AAAAAAHHH!!
KNEW THAT ONE WASN'T DEAD!
VERDAMM! AMERIKANER!
BRATATATA
POW POW POW
IS HE...?
HE'S DEAD, KARNOW...SAVING YOU... WHILE YOU DIDN'T RAISE A FINGER TO SAVE HIM!
I'M GONNA TURN YOU IN, CORPORAL... COWARDICE IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY, IT'S CALLED

THE MEDIC CARRIES LT. ELBON BACK...STILL CONVINCED I DODGED IT AND LET THE NAZI KILL HIM! I TRY TO GET UP...I'VE GOT TO GET SOMEWHERE WARM AND DRY AND GET HOT COFFEE! I'M FROZEN CLEAR THROUGH...
MY LEG IS NUMB...I CAN'T MAKE IT OBEY ME!
WHILE I'M THINKING THE ULTIMATE IN MISERY HAS ALREADY BEFALLEN ME, MORE GRIEF IS ON THE WAY! GERMAN [illegible] ARTILLERY HAS SHELLED THE POSITION INTERMITTENTLY. NOW...
FEUER!
NAZI BARRAGE...AND I'M OUT OF MY FOXHOLE!
WHAM
GOT TO GET DOWN! I'LL GET KILLED!
I'M GONNA DIE! RIGHT NOW, I'M GONNA DIE!
I WANTA DIE NOW! WHY'N'T THEY GET IT OVER WITH?
HOLD YER FIRE. IT'S CPL. KARNOW!

HE'D BETTER BE HURT BAD, MEDIC.
NOT A MARK ON HIM, SARGE... I TOLD YUH... HE JUST LAY THERE AND LET THE KRAUT KILL LT. ELDON.
SPLAT
YA YELLA BUTT!
THE REST IS A BLUR. WHEN I'M ABLE TO THINK AGAIN, I'M IN A BASE HOSPITAL... WITH AN AMERICAN NURSE STARING AT ME... LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF WORM!
WH-WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? WAS I HIT?
NOBODY SEEMS ABLE TO FIGURE OUT YOUR DISEASE CORPORAL!
THE MEDIC WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE SAYS THERE'LL BE COURT-MARTIAL CHARGES WAITING FOR YOU WHEN YOU GET OUT!
OH.
I DON'T THINK I DELIBERATELY LET THE GERMAN KILL LT. ELDON! I REMEMBER WHEN IT HAPPENED...
...BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS WRONG!

ONE DOCTOR KEPT COMING BACK TO CHECK MY 'MOTOR REFLEXES' AND GO OVER ME AGAIN AND AGAIN...

I FEEL SORTA FUNNY, DOC! LIKE WHEN I TRIED TO WALK, MY LEG BUCKLED. MY RIGHT HAND CAN'T HOLD ANYTHING AN...

HOW LONG WERE YOU IN COMBAT, SOLDIER?

HOW DO YOU FEEL, SOLDIER? WHERE WAS HE HIT, DOCTOR?

HE'S AN EXTREME CASE OF COMBAT FATIGUE, GENERAL! HE...

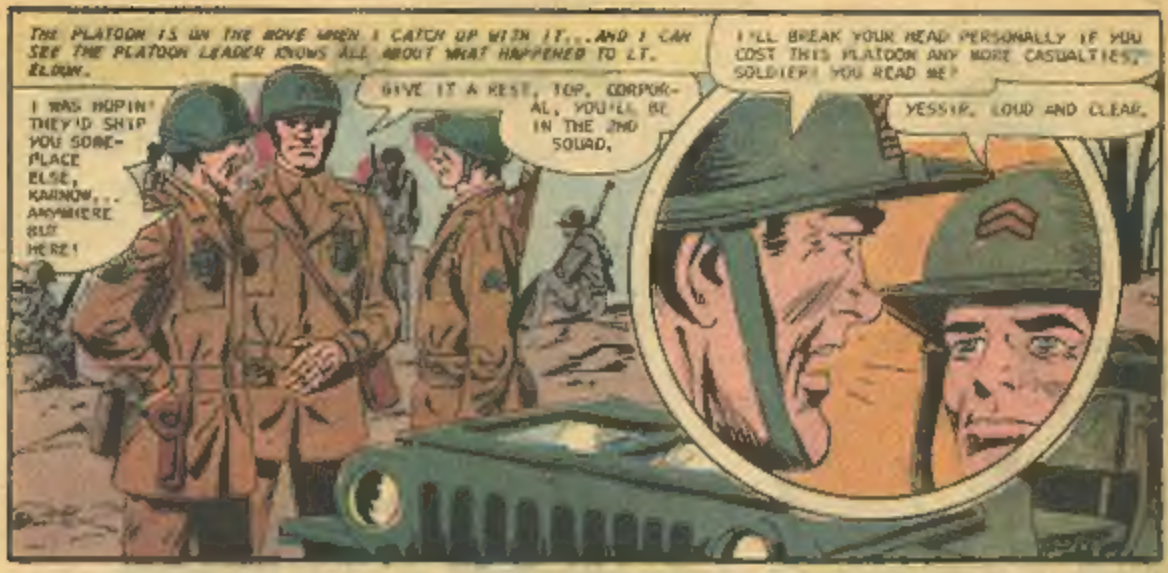
WHAT? COMBAT FATIGUE? I NEVER HEARD SUCH BULL IN MY LIFE! YOU'RE A MALINGERER, SOLDIER! NOW, GET OUT OF THAT BED... YOU'RE BEING RETURNED TO DUTY RIGHT NOW!

Y-YESSIR.

SOMEONE GIVES ME CLOTHES AND HELPS ME INTO THEM... THE DOCTOR JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD...HE CAN'T HELP ME.

WAS I FAKIN' IT, DOC? I DON'T EVEN KNOW MYSELF NOW.

BACK...AFTER THREE DAYS OF BEING IN A VACUUM...BACK INTO HELL!


THE PLATOON IS ON THE MOVE WHEN I CATCH UP WITH IT...AND I CAN SEE THE PLATOON LEADER KNOWS ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO LT. ELDON.
I WAS HOPIN' THEY'D SHIP YOU SOME-PLACE ELSE, KARNOW... ANYWHERE BUT HERE!
GIVE IT A REST, TOP, CORPORAL, YOU'LL BE IN THE 2ND SQUAD.
I'LL BREAK YOUR HEAD PERSONALLY IF YOU COST THIS PLATOON ANY MORE CASUALTIES, SOLDIER! YOU READ ME?
YESSIR, LOUD AND CLEAR.

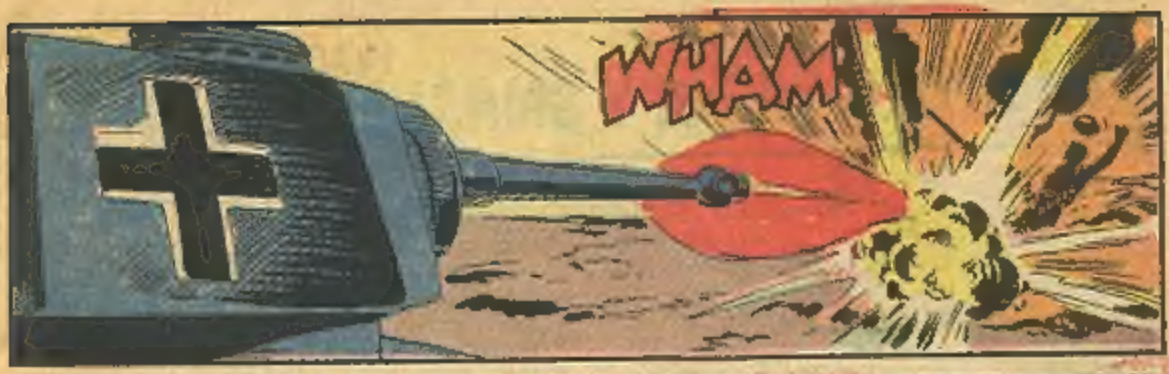
MY LEG STILL WON'T CARRY MY WEIGHT. THE TOP JOE HAS A MEDIC CHECK ME A COUPLE OF TIMES...NATURALLY, THEY DON'T FIND ANYTHING...
YOU'LL GIT A GENERAL COURT IF YA GOOF OFF AGAIN, KARNOW!

I SPOKE TO CAPTAIN BELLINO A WHILE AGO. YOU MADE THAT STRIPE IN EASY COMPANY...WE'RE TAKING IT BACK...YOU'RE A P.F.C. AS OF NOW, KARNOW.

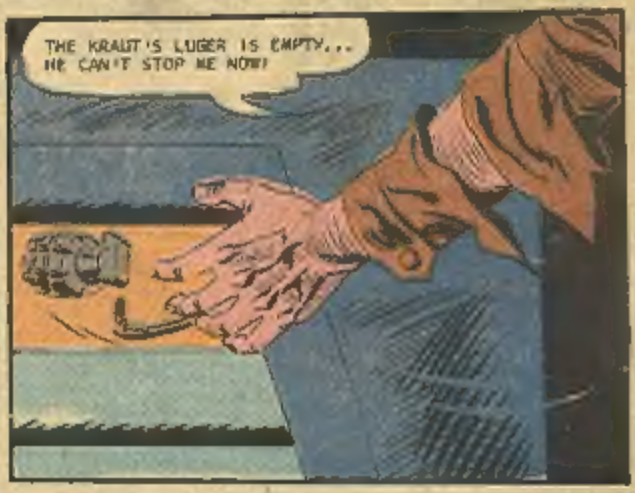
I GOT NO ONE TO SHARE A SHELTER HALF WITH...I SLEEP WITHOUT COVER.
WHY DIDN'T I GET KILLED WHEN LT. ELDON DIED? THIS IS WORSE THAN BEIN' DEAD!

MORNING, NEW MISERY.
WE'RE RELIEVING FOX COMPANY ON HILL BAKER 139. THEY TOOK A MAULING AND THEY REPORT A BUILD-UP OF NAZIS FROM A CRACK DIVISION! WE'LL HAVE OUR HANDS FULL UP THERE.
I'LL BE KEEPING A CLOSE EYE ON YOU, SOLDIER. IF YOU GOOF OFF OR TRY TO CHICKEN OUT, I'LL SHOOT YOU MYSELF!
HERE, KARNOW...MY FOXHOLE IS DUG! YOU TAKE IT, I'LL DIG ANOTHER!
THANKS, IRISH. I DUNNO WHAT'S WRONG! MY HAND...
YA STUPID IRISH BLOCKHEAD! YA LET THIS CON ARTIST GET TO YA? HE'S FAKIN' IT...LOOKIN' FOR A SECTION 8 DISCHARGE! WELL, HE AIN'T GETTIN' IT! HE'S GONNA STAY WITH THE REST OF US AN' DO HIS SHARE!
I WISH I WAS DEAD...AN' PRETTY SOON I'LL GET MY WISH!
I KNOW KARNOW...AND SOMETHIN' IS WRONG WITH HIM! THAT HARDNOSED MASTER SERGEANT GAVE THE NEW LIEUTENANT A BUM STEER.
I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA PASS OUT!

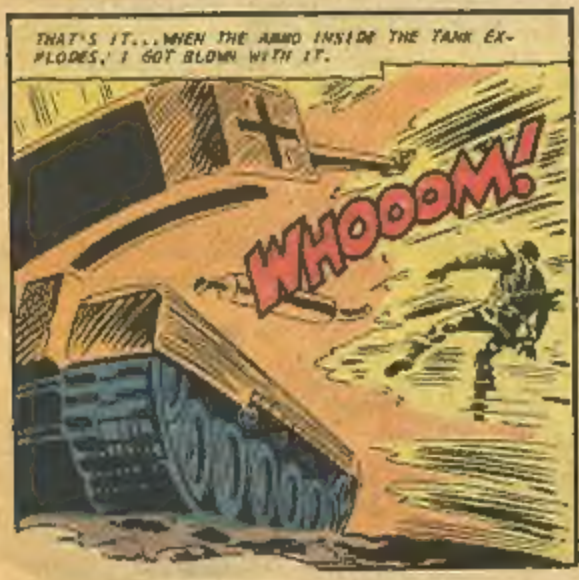
WHEN THE KRAUTS HIT, THEY HIT HARD! MACHINE GUN FIRE RAKES THE HILLSIDE... HEAVY MORTAR SHELLS LAND WITH FRIGHTENING ACCURACY... AND THE INFANTRY APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE, A WELL SPACED GRAY-GREEN TIDE!
JAH, KAPITAN, DIE TANKEN, MACH SCHNELL! ACHTUNG!
WHUMP
BRATATAT
HERE THEY COME!
WHAM
FUNNY FEELING IN MY HEAD... LIKE SOME-THIN' WAS LOOSE... GOT JARRED BACK INTO PLACE!
LET ME HAVE IT, SMITTY!
I THINK IT'S OKAY NOW!
WHAT ABOUT YOUR HAND?
I IGNORE THE TANK... THEY KEEP MISSING WITH THAT 45mm CANNON, AND I KEEP HITTING WITH MY .50 CAL SLUGS! THIS GUN ALONE IS HOLDING THE KRAUTS OFF THE PLATOON!
WHO'S THAT ON THE M.G.?
IT'S KARNOW!
BLAM!



I'M WEAK AND I KNOW WHY. I GO FOR THE NAZI TANK EVEN THOUGH MY RIGHT ARM IS TORN UP...



I HAD A BAD TIME..,BUT I DON'T REGRET A MINUTE OF IT. I'M JUST GLAD THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER. ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT SAME GENERAL COMES BACK WITH A MEDAL ...AND AN APOLOGY.



I RECKON I WAS PRETTY THICKHEADED, SOLDIER. I'LL NEVER CALL A MAN A MALINGERER AGAIN...NOT UNLESS I KNOW FOR SURE WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! THAT'S AN APOLOGY, CORPORAL...GENERALS DON'T OFTEN MAKE THEM SO REMEMBER IT!
I WILL, GENERAL.
THE END

SAM SPOLO THE SPY SMASHER

VOICE PRINT

My name is Sam Spolo and officially I neither exist nor do I have a title. Unofficially I am known as the Spy Smasher. Any place in the world where our interests are threatened by the presence of any enemy spy ring, that's where you will find me. I may be called upon for help by any agency of the United States, or, in turn I may call upon them for help. I am almost a lone wolf and I have but one assistant, Ben Riley. We have unlimited funds and unlimited power when needed. We were in Washington when the code message came. Within the hour we were winging our way to West Berlin to see what we could do with this particular emergency.

After landing, we were rushed to the American Embassy, and there I met Sir Roger Winchester of the British Embassy, who told me the terrible news.

"John Hatfield has gone over to the enemy. He was on one of their TV stations last night. We made a tape of it. It asks all the people to listen to him this coming Friday evening when he will expose how the capitalistic powers intended to destroy the People's republic."

I could hardly believe my ears. I had met John Hatfield several times, and worked with him once in the Far East. I was then taken into a projection room and heard the tape that had been made. It was John, and it was his voice. But what could have made him go over to the enemy? He had wealth, position, fame, and a good family life. Hans Merchen, the chauffeur, had driven him to a small airport out of Berlin late at night. A plane was waiting for him and in such a simple manner he went over to the enemy.

Ben and I discussed all possible aspects of the case. It just didn't make sense that a man like John Hatfield would do this. Then Ben, perhaps jestingly, came up with this idea. "So if it can't be him, who is it?"

"There's our clue," I shouted. "Suppose they did kill John Hatfield, then got someone very talented to look like him and speak like him. It would be our answer."

"But how could we prove it?" demanded Ben.

A new method of identifying individuals through their voice-prints is gradually gaining acceptance as a scientific technique comparable to fingerprinting," I explained. "By use of the spectrograph a comparison can be made between two voices. I shall put a special call back to the U.S. and get the experts and equipment here."

Twenty-four hours later, Burt Adams and two of his men were sitting with me in the projection room at the Embassy. We run over the tape we had been given, then several recordings of talks by John Hatfield.

"You'll have your answer within two hours," Burt Adams said to me. "Yet, if I were to give my opinion from what I have heard and seen, then I would say John Hatfield has gone over to the enemy. But, let's see what science has to say about the matter."

Within two hours, Burt Adams came to me with a big smile on his face.

"Not the same voice!"

The element of what we call psychological surprise is very important in spy work. Catch a man off-guard and he can betray himself. So I sent for the Embassy chauffeur, Hans Merchen. I had some papers before me on a desk.

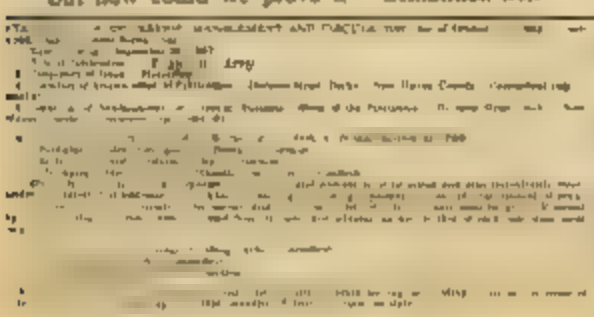
"I want the answers to two questions," I said very softly. "First, where did they bury the body of John Hatfield? And second, how much did you get for your part in this?"

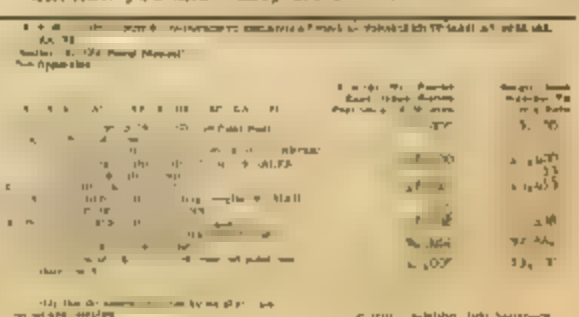
The look on his face showed he was guilty. Then he started to shout. "She betrayed me! I should never have trusted her or my uncle."

We got a shocker when we found his uncle was the head of a spy ring in West Berlin. We rounded him up and some nine other members, including the girl. We found the body and you could see the horrible death the man must have suffered.

In spy work you have to often make "deals" unpleasant though they may be. So we made it with the uncle. He would go on TV and tell all. Of course, we taped it and showed it hour after hour, beaming it to our allies as well as to our enemies.

Come to think of it, voices may sound alike, but now you know they are different.

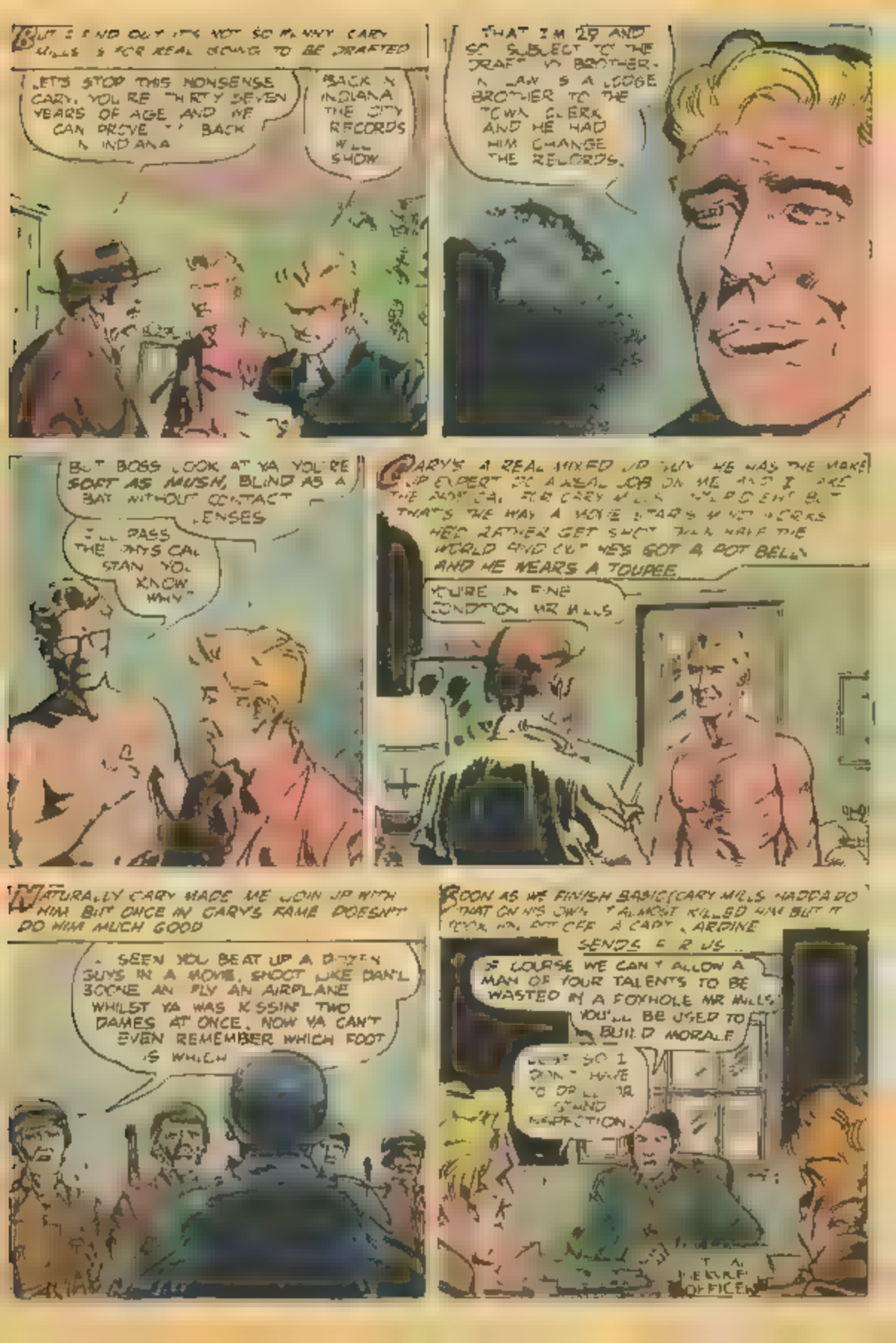




THE HERO'S ROLE

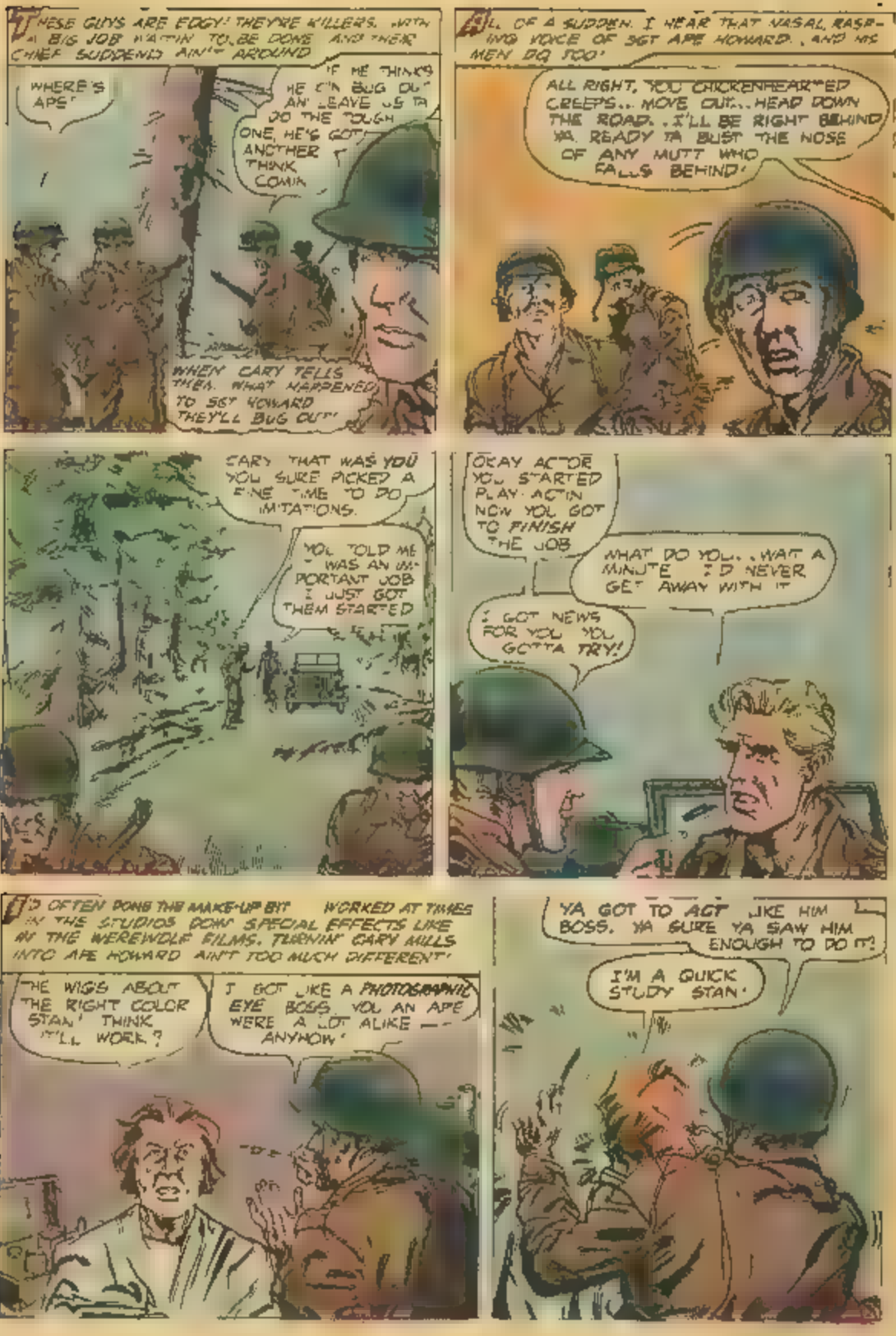
NICE GUY CARY MILLS IN HIS STAND AS THE GUY WHO GETS KICKED BY A MULE MORE IN WESTERNS BEFORE HE'S PLAYING A PRIVATE EYE TYPE ROLE OR A LEAD OPPOSITE A HOWARD HUGHES STARLET THAT'S THE REAL CARY MILLS RIGHT THERE FIGHTING YOU HAND TO HAND WITH THE REAL FIERCE KRALIS ONLY CARY DOESN'T LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THAT... NOT IN REAL LIFE!

OH I CAN HAVE CARY HIS MAIL THIS SCRIPT'S BE WORTH A FALCON TO SEE HIS DRAFT BOARD

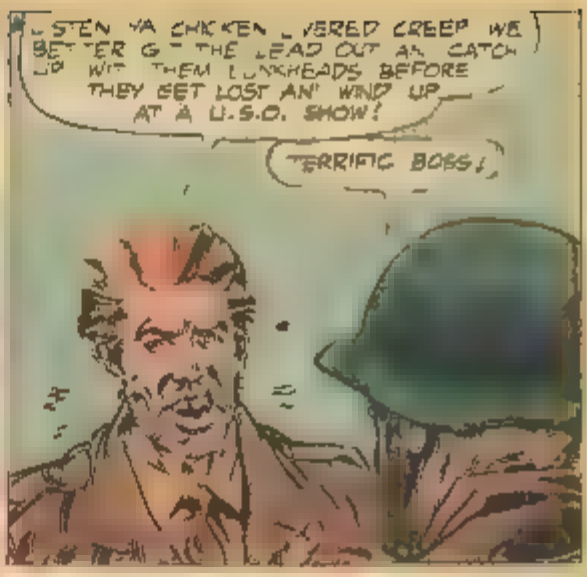

BUT I FIND OUT IT'S NOT SO MANY CARY WILLS S FOR REAL GOING TO BE DRAFTED
LET'S STOP THIS NONSENSE CARY, YOU'RE THIRTY SEVEN YEARS OF AGE AND WE CAN PROVE IT BACK IN INDIANA
BACK IN INDIANA THE CITY RECORDS WILL SHOW
THAT I'M 29 AND SO SUBJECT TO THE DRAFT MY BROTHER-IN-LAW IS A LODGE BROTHER TO THE TOWN CLERK AND HE HAD HIM CHANGE THE RECORDS.
BUT BOSS LOOK AT YA YOU'RE SOFT AS MUSH, BLIND AS A BAT WITHOUT CONTACT LENSES
I'LL PASS THE BOYS CALL STAN YOU KNOW WHY
CARY'S A REAL MIXED UP GUY HE WAS THE MOST UP EXPERT DO A REAL JOB ON ME AND I TAKE THE MORAL FOR CARY WILLS WE DON'T BUT THAT'S THE WAY A MOVIE STAR'S MIND WORKS HE'D RATHER GET SHOT TILL HALF THE WORLD AND CRY HE'S GOT A BOT BELLY AND HE WEARS A TOUPEE
YOU'RE IN FINE CONDITION MR WILLS
NATURALLY CARY MADE ME JOIN UP WITH HIM BUT ONCE IN CARY'S FAME DOESN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD
I SEEN YOU BEAT UP A DOZEN GUYS IN A MOVIE, SHOOT LIKE DAN'L BOONE AN FLY AN AIRPLANE WHILST YA WAS KISSIN' TWO DAMES AT ONCE. NOW YA CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHICH FOOT IS WHICH
SOON AS WE FINISH BASIC CARY WILLS HADDA DO THAT ON HIS OWN I ALMOST KILLED HIM BUT IT TOOK ME OUT OFF A CAPT. ARDINE SENDS E R US
OF COURSE WE CAN'T ALLOW A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS TO BE WASTED IN A FOXHOLE MR WILLS YOU'LL BE USED TO BUILD MORALE
I DON'T SO I DON'T HAVE TO DRILL OR STAND INSPECTION
T A HERO OFFICER

NOW I'M CARY'S JEEP DRIVER AND WE MAKE THE E-TO EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS TOUR. CARY'S A STAR SO THE TROOPS GET A KICK OUT OF HIS TALES
AND WHEN I KISSED LANA SHE TOLD ME BLAH BLAH BLAH BUT SAID BLAH BLAH BLAH
OLD CARY'S A KICK, AIN'T HE?
OF EVERY GROUNDPOUNDER LOVES OL CARY, THOUGH WE'RE NORTH OF A FRENCH VILLAGE LOOKING FOR SOME OF SEVERA. BRADLEY'S BOYS WHEN WE HIT A ROADBLOCK...
I'M CARY MILLS AND I'VE GOT TO GET TO
I RECKANIZED YA, ACTOR. WE AIN'T PLAYIN SOLDERS UP HERE!
I'M FOR REAL, ACTOR! SEE THAT SQUAD OVER THERE?
THAT'S THE HAIRIEST SQUAD IN THE U.S. ARMY. AND I'M TWICE AS HAIRY AS THEM! WE GOT A JOB TA DO UP A WAYS, ACTOR... IF YOU MOVE DOWN THIS ROAD AHEAD OF US YA'D WRECK US!
MY ORDERS ARE TO
HERE'S WHAT I THINK OF YER ORDERS ACTOR!

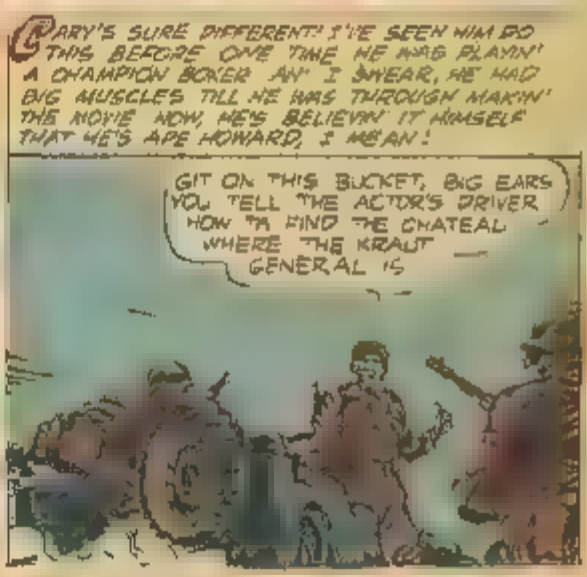
THE INSTANT SGT ARE HOWARD [illegible] EARLY MILLS A KRAUT [illegible] VEE FIRES THIS 88 MM CANNON AND
YOU RANK-HAPPY DIM WITTED APE I HAVE YOU COURT MARTIALED
THERE'S A WAR ON PRETTY BOY THEY NEED FIGHTIN' MEN NOT ACTORS THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT OL' APE
NO!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU NOW, APE.
WOTTA BUNCHA CUTTHROATS, BOSS! KNOW WHERE THAT SLUG NUTTY LCC'S TAKIN' THEM? YA WON'T BELIEVE
THESE GUYS ARE SPECIAL. THEY'RE GONNA BURST INTO HQ HEADQUARTERS AN PUT THE SNATCH ON A BIGSHOT GENERAL
SGT HOWARD WON'T
THIS GUYS SPECIAL.. HE'S THEIR GOOD LUCK CHARM! WITHOUT APE HOWARD THEY WON'T MOVE WHERE THEY'RE WANT ANOTHER LOOK AT HIM
HE'S DEAD, STAN THAT SQUAD WILL HAVE TO PERFORM THEIR MISSION WITHOUT HIM
BOSS, THEY WON'T MOVE A FOOT UNLESS APE HOWARD TELLS THEM TO

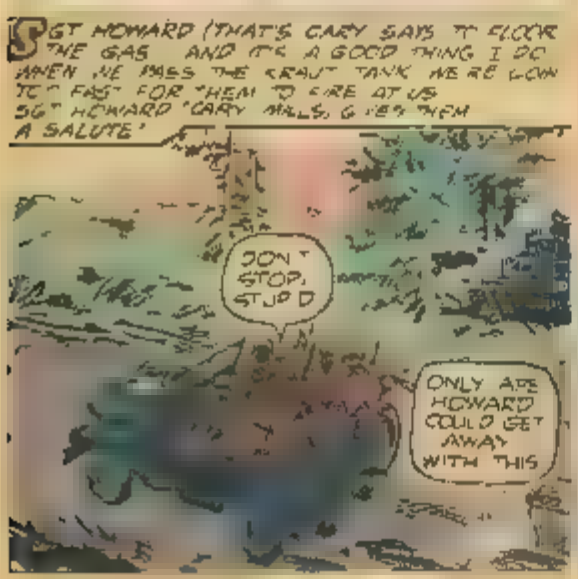

THESE GUYS ARE EGGY! THEY'RE KILLERS. WITH A BIG JOB WAITIN' TO BE DONE AND THEIR CHIEF SUDDENLY AIN'T AROUND
WHERE'S APE?
IF HE THINKS HE CAN BUG OUT AN' LEAVE US TO DO THE TOUGH ONE, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN'
WHEN CARY TELLS THEM WHAT HAPPENED TO SGT HOWARD THEY'LL BUG OUT!
ALL OF A SUDDEN, I HEAR THAT NASAL, RASPING VOICE OF SGT APE HOWARD, AND HIS MEN DO TOO!
ALL RIGHT, YOU CHICKENHEARTED CREEPS... MOVE OUT... HEAD DOWN THE ROAD. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YA. READY TA BUST THE NOSE OF ANY MUTT WHO FALLS BEHIND!
CARY THAT WAS YOU! YOU SURE PICKED A FINE TIME TO DO IMITATIONS.
YOU TOLD ME IT WAS AN IMPORTANT JOB I JUST GOT THEM STARTED
OKAY ACTOR YOU STARTED PLAY-ACTIN NOW YOU GOT TO FINISH THE JOB
WHAT DO YOU... WAIT A MINUTE I'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU YOU GOTTA TRY!
I'D OFTEN DONE THE MAKE-UP BIT AT THE STUDIOS DOIN' SPECIAL EFFECTS LIKE IN THE WEREWOLF FILMS. TURNIN' CARY MILLS INTO APE HOWARD AIN'T TOO MUCH DIFFERENT!
WORKED AT TIMES
THE WIGS ABOUT THE RIGHT COLOR STAN' THINK IT'LL WORK?
I GOT LIKE A PHOTOSOPHIL EYE BOSS. YOU AN APE WERE A LOT ALIKE — ANYHOW!
YA GOT TO ACT LIKE HIM BOSS. YA SURE YA SAW HIM ENOUGH TO DO IT!
I'M A QUICK STUDY STAN!

THERE YA ARE APE HOWARD!


LISTEN YA CHICKEN LIVERED CREEP WE BETTER GET THE LEAD OUT AN CATCH UP WIT THEM LUNKHEADS BEFORE THEY GET LOST AN' WIND UP AT A U.S.O. SHOW!
TERRIFIC BOSS!

I'M SERGEANT HOWARD. DIDJAWIT YA READ ME OR DO I HAVE TA MASH YER MUSHY NOSE!
Y-YEAH Y-YEAH S-SERGEANT TAKE EASY.


GARY'S SURE DIFFERENT! I'VE SEEN HIM DO THIS BEFORE ONE TIME HE WAS PLAYIN' A CHAMPION BOXER AN' I SWEAR, HE HAD BIG MUSCLES TILL HE WAS THROUGH MAKIN' THE MOVIE NOW, HE'S BELIEVIN IT HIMSELF THAT HE'S APE HOWARD, I MEAN!
GIT ON THIS BUCKET, BIG EARS YOU TELL THE ACTOR'S DRIVER HOW TA FIND THE CHATEAU WHERE THE KRAUT GENERAL IS


SGT HOWARD (THAT'S GARY SAYS TO FLOOR THE GAS AND IT'S A GOOD THING I DO WHEN WE PASS THE KRAUT TANK WE'RE DOWN TO FAST FOR 'EM TO FIRE AT US SO HOWARD "GARY HALLS, GIVES 'EM A SALUTE'
DON'T STOP, STUPID
ONLY APE HOWARD COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS

OOH SERGEANT
YOU HAVE TO RUN STAND UP THE BANK

WHEN CARY HILL'S ACTIN THE PART OF SGT HOWARD TO THE HILT I FIND MYSELF BEIN JUST AS NUTTY AS HIM I KEEP THAT JEEP FROM FLIPPIN RAN IT INTO A GEAR AND ROAR UP THE BANK CARY'S APE HOWARD FIRIN THAT THOMPSON LIKE HE INVENTED THE GAD-GET AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE CAN'T HIT A BARN IF HE'S IN IT
"THAT'S IT YA KNUCKLEHEADS! POUR IT AT 'EM!
OL APE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE WHILE WE GOT HIM AROUND WE'LL DO OKAY
THAT'S THE PLACE SARGE ABOUT A DOZEN SPECIAL GUARDS IN THERE IS ALL!
DRIVE RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT STEPS
DON'T LOSE NO TIME YOU CREEPS N AN OUT BEFORE THEY GIT A CHANCE TO HIT US WIT ANY HEAVY STUFF
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! CARY'S A YAM PLAYIN HIS GREATEST ROLE AND HE LOVES IT I'VE SEEN HIM GET CARRIED AWAY BEFORE BUT I'M THINKIN HE'LL REALLY GET CARRIED AWAY TO A KRAUT GRAVEYARD!
YOU GUYS GRAB THE BIGSHOT I'LL KEEP THEM FROM GITTIN N YER HAIR
KRASSH!
OL APE KNOCKS EM ALL OVER

THE ONLY REASON I'M INSIDE IS TO MAKE THIS JOKER UP CARY'S OVERPLAYIN HIS PART!
HEY BOSS, C'MERE!
THING'S EMPTY! SHOULD HAVE SPARE CLIPS
C'MON, CARY, MOVE!
KRAK!
WORD WENT AHEAD AND AS WE ROAR THROUGH THE VILLAGE THE G.I.S HAVE... THEY KNOW WHAT HE DID.
WE DO OKAY. ALWAYS DO WHEN APE'S WITH US
YOU GUYS DELIVER THE G.I.S GENERAL I GOTTA FIND A MEDIC TO SET THE BUSTED BONE IN MY MITT
YOU WANTA QUIT BEIN SGT. APE HOWARD BOSS I THOUGHT YA LIKED PLAYIN THE PART!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
CARY MILLS IS FAMOUS ALL OVER I JUST TELL A FRENCHWOMAN WHO HE IS SHE RECOGNIZES HIM AND WE USE THE HOUSE TO GET THE APE HOWARD MAKE-UP OFF BEIN A CELEBRITY COMES IN HANDY SOMETIMES!
KNOW SOMETHING STAN? WHILE I WAS PLAYING THAT PART, I ACTUALLY DIDN'T CARE IF I GOT KILLED OR NOT! IT'S A KIND OF TEMPORARY INSANITY I GUESS!
END

WRONG-WAY TRAFFIC!

THE MASSIVE TROOP MOVEMENTS OF WORLD WAR II IN 1944 WHEN HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH TROOPS WERE MOVED OVERLAND TO FIGHT THE ENEMY... WERE DIRECTED BY SPECIALLY-TRAINED COMBAT MILITARY POLICE! THESE MEN WERE STATIONED AT KEY ROUTES AND HAD THE TASK OF DIRECTING THESE MEN INTO THE COMBAT ZONE
ARDENNES TO THE LEFT LIEUTENANT COLONEL!
MERCI!
BLAM! BLAM!

THERE ARE THE REAL MOS. OF A MEDIC
AFTER A REPORT IS SENT TO ALL TROOP COMMANDERS IN THE AREA TO CAREFULLY CHECK MILITARY POLICE...
HOW DID YOU SPOT THEM FOR GERMANS, COLONEL?
HE RECOGNIZED MY RANK FROM THE SILVER LEAF AND CALLED ME LIEUTENANT COLONEL WHICH NO AMERICAN SERVICEMAN WOULD DO
END

the LONELY WAR of Capt. Willy Schultz

AN EXPLOSION IN THE DISTANCE... THE HIDEOUS STUTTERING OF A MACHINE-PISTOL... THE SHARP CRACK OF RIFLE FIRE... THEN A FINAL PISTOL SHOT SILENCE... BUT A MOMENT LATER YOU APPROACHED THE SHATTERED AND BULLET-RIDDLED GERMAN HALF-TRACK AS A SCENE OF VIOLENCE EVEN GREATER THAN... OF TREACHERY... OF SUDDEN DEATH... THE BUZZING OF THE FLIES HOVERING ABOUT... THE SCREECHING OF THE VULTURES CIRCLING OVERHEAD... APPALLING!
LUFTWAFFE PERSONNEL SHOT... BUT TO THE END IN THEIR SOME AREAS... AND WHAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED? THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW. BOTH THE GERMAN AND ARAB ALL DEAD... AND FOR WHAT?
S-H-

LUFTWAFFE GIRL: WHY'S SHE SITTING OUT HERE IN THE HOT SUN WHEN THERE'S SHADE RIGHT OVER THERE? I'LL HAVE TO USE GERMAN, I GUESS
BEFORE YOU COULD SPEAK A WORD...
NEIN! GEH WEG! GEH WEG
NE IN!
OW-W!
WHUP
NO... NO! LEAVE ME ALONE! GO AWAY! PLEASE!
CALM YOURSELF, MISS. IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU. IT'S ALL RIGHT.
YOU'RE A GERMAN! OH, THANK GOD.
I'M SPEAKING TO HER IN GERMAN BUT CAN'T SHE SEE THAT, CAN'T SHE...
I... I CAN'T SEE! EVER SINCE THE EXPLOSION, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE ARABS. I'M SORRY.
YES, SO AM I... THAT I STRUCK YOU.

AFTER SLINGING YOUR THOMPSON OVER YOUR SHOULDER, YOU PICKED THE GIRL UP IN YOUR ARMS AND CARRIED HER TO A LARGE ROCK FORMATION WHICH OFFERED PROTECTION FROM THE BURNING RAYS OF THE SUN

COL. HAAS, S HE . . .?

. . .DEAD? YES, I'M AFRAID HE S, SO IS EVERYONE ELSE. I'M SORRY.

SHE RESTED HER HEAD AGA NST YOUR SHOULDER AND WEPT QUIETLY TO HERSELF.

I M SORRY.

A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER YOU HAD MADE HER AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE .

WHAT S YOUR NAME?

ILSE VON LYNKER YOURS?

WILLY CAPTAIN W LLY SCHULTZ BUT TELL ME.. WHAT ARE LUFTWAFFE PERSONNEL OUT HERE. , UNGUARDED. ALONE?

THE AIRFIELD WAS BEING EVACUATED OUR GROUP, COL HAAS' WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO LEAVE. A BRIT SH FIGHTER ATTACK CAUSED US TO SCATTER AND BECOME SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THE COLUMN. AFTER A FEW HOURS OF TRAVEL NG ALONE, OUR STAFF CAR WAS APPROACHED BY A GROUP OF ARAB TR BESMEN. WE THOUGHT THAT THEY WERE FR ENDLY BECAUSE OF THE AX S WEAPONS THEY CARRIED.

. BUT THEY WERE JUST RENEGADES W TH WEAPONS THEY HAD STOLEN FROM OUR DEAD SOLDIERS. ONE OF THEM THREW A GRENADE AT US, IT EXPLODED MY BEST FR END ANNE, WAS K LLED. COL HAAS TRIED TO PROTECT ME WITH H S OWN BODY, BUT A FRAGMENT HIT ME IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD. THE FLASH OF THE EXPLOSION AND COL. HAAS BE NG HIT WERE THE LAST TH NGS I SAW.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS BADLY WOUNDED, COL. HAAS PICKED UP ILSE AND CARRIED HER FROM THE CAR. WE COULD NOT HAVE GONE VERY FAR WHEN ENEMY BULLETS STRUCK HIS BACK. HE ORDERED SCHMITZ, SAID THAT HE WAS SORRY, AND GENTLY LAID ILSE ON THE GROUND. HE WAS DEAD. THEN, THERE WAS NOTHING. EVEN THE SHOOTING HAD STOPPED. THE SILENCE, THE AWFUL SILENCE AND THE DARKNESS. IT WAS TERRIBLE

I'M AFRAID. THIS DARKNESS IS FRIGHTENED

THE BLINDNESS IS ONLY TEMPORARY. CONCUSSION, THAT'S ALL. YOUR SIGHT WILL RETURN SOON, AND THEN

YOU HELD HER GENTLY IN YOUR ARMS. HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS. HER LIPS BEGAN TO QUIVER. HER TENDER AND DELICATE FORM TREMBLED

YOU SPOKE SOFTLY TO HER, TRYING TO CALM AND COMFORT HER. YOUR EFFORTS WERE REWARDING. YOU LOOKED INTO HER LARGE BLUE EYES WHICH NOW, AS THOUGH MAGNIFIED BY HER TEARS, SEEMED TO DOMINATE HER PRETTY FACE

OH, DEAR! I'M AFRAID SHE'S WORSE

DO OH, ILSE. SAY AFTER WHAT YOU'VE GONE THROUGH, YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER SOON.

FEELING BETTER?

YES, THANK YOU, WILLY FOR BEING PATIENT

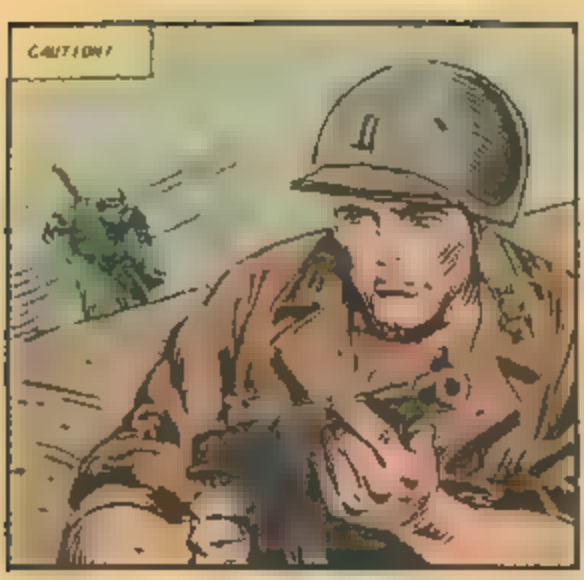
A SUDDEN NOISE! THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG. THE DROP. PING OF A STONE.

THERE MUST NO TO BE. SOME ONE OUTSIDE

YOU PUT ON YOUR HELMET AND ROSE QUIETLY. AS YOU DREW BACK THE BOLT ON YOUR THOMPSON

PLEASE BE CAREFUL WILLY.

YES, YES I WILL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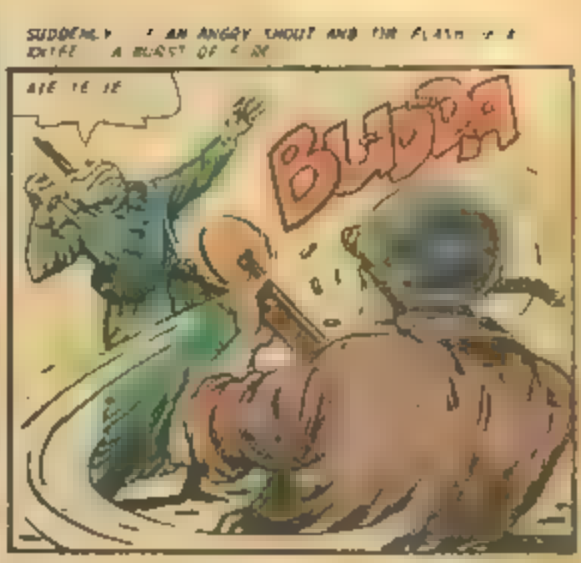
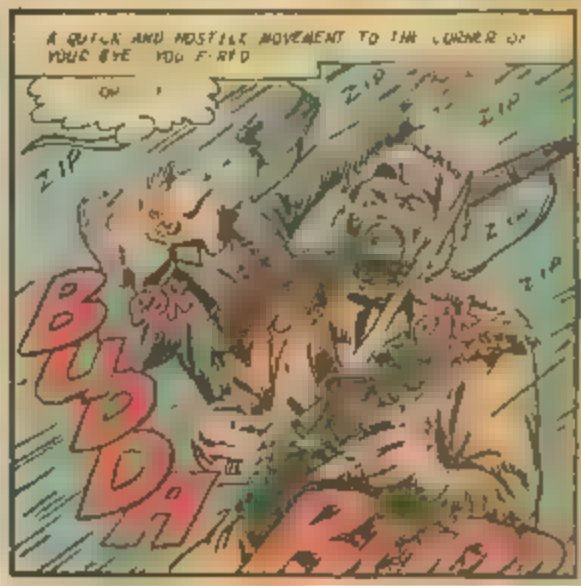
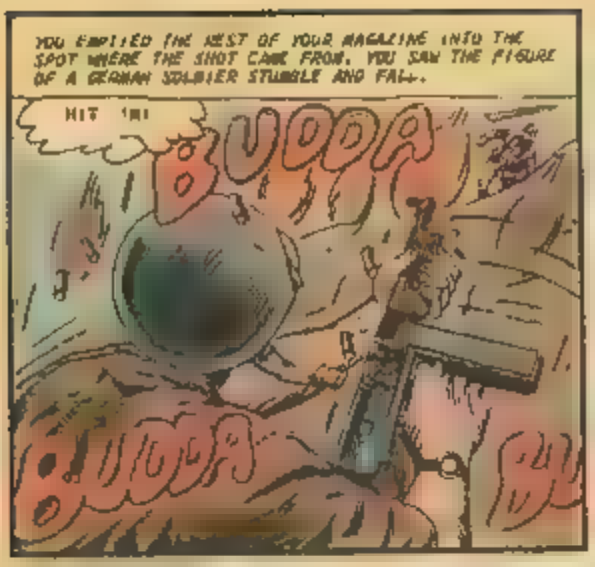

SUDDENLY ! AN ANGRY SHOUT AND THE FLASH OF A KNIFE A BURST OF FIRE
AIE TE IE
BUDA

SIX SILENT SHELL CASINGS.
AN ARAB AXIS ARMED. COULD BE ONE OF THOSE FROM BEFORE

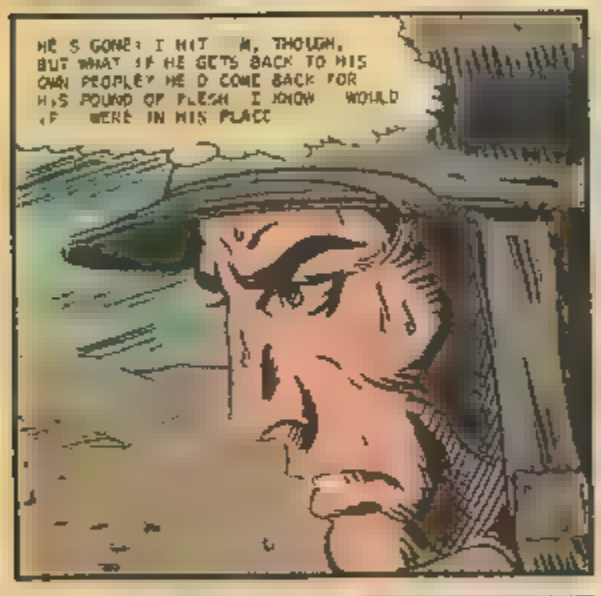

A QUICK AND HOSTILE MOVEMENT TO THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE YOU FIRED
OH !
ZIP
BUDA
BUDA

A GERMAN SCOUT NO PATROL AN AFRIKA KORPS SERGEANT,, AN ARAB SCOUT .

A SHARP CRACK AND A MAUSER BULLET
OH-H!

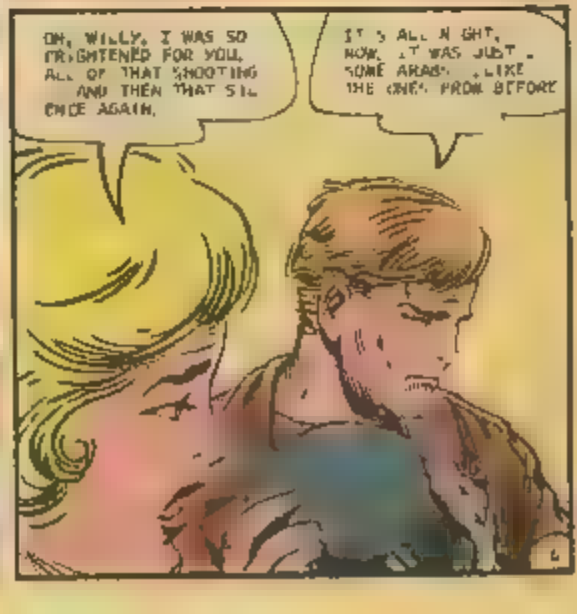

YOU EMPTIED THE REST OF YOUR MAGAZINE INTO THE SPOT WHERE THE SHOT CAME FROM. YOU SAW THE FIGURE OF A GERMAN SOLDIER STUMBLE AND FALL.
HIT 'IM!
BUDDA
BUDDA

YOU RAN TO THE SPOT WHERE YOU SAW THE MAN FALL.


HE'S GONE! I HIT 'M, THOUGH. BUT WHAT IF HE GETS BACK TO HIS OWN PEOPLE? HE'D COME BACK FOR HIS POUND OF FLESH! I KNOW I WOULD IF I WERE IN HIS PLACE!

I KILLED HIS SERGEANT AND TWO SCOUTS. IF HE GETS BACK... I CAN'T GO AFTER HIM. I CAN'T LEAVE ILSE ALONE! I WON'T LEAVE HER ALONE. I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

WILLY?
YES.


OH, WILLY, I WAS SO FRIGHTENED FOR YOU. ALL OF THAT SHOOTING AND THEN THAT SILENCE AGAIN.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, NOW. IT WAS JUST SOME ARABS... LIKE THE ONES FROM BEFORE.

ILSE'S HAND BECAME STICKY AND WET AGAINST YOUR ARM.
YOU'VE BEEN WOUNDED!?
IT IS NOTHING. JUST A GRAZE... NOTHING SERIOUS, I ASSURE YOU.

ALL THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON, IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND YOU WERE TROUBLED WITH THE PROSPECT OF THE WOUNDED GERMAN SCOUT RETURNING. YOU SAID NOTHING OF THIS TO ILSE. TO HER HE DID NOT EVEN EXIST.

YOU SCURRIED TO THE TOP OF THE SLOPE AND FLOPPED DOWN ON YOUR STOMACH. YOU DIDN'T NEED THE GERMAN FIELD GLASSES. YOU COULD SEE THEM... YOU COULD HEAR THEM GRINDING AWAY IN THE DISTANCE!

THERE THEY ARE. THE WOUNDED GERMAN MUST'VE MADE IT BACK! I CAN'T FIGHT THEM OFF, TOO MANY. AFTER THEY'D TAKE ME THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO TAKE ME BACK TO A WALL, THEY'D EXECUTE ME RIGHT HERE, NO BIG DEAL. JUST A BULLET IN THE NAPE OF THE NECK... OR A FEW IN THE CHEST, AND THAT GERMAN SCOUT WOULD PROBABLY PULL THE TRIGGER, TOO. BUT WHAT OF ILSE.

..I COULDN'T EXPECT IT TO LAST LONG...NOT OUT HERE...NOT WITH THE WAR. WISHFUL THINKING, I GUESS. I'D BETTER TELL HER. SHE'D BE SAFER AND BETTER OFF WITH THEM ANYWAY.

I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW, ILSE. I DON'T WANT TO, BUT I MUST. A GERMAN SCOUTING COLUMN IS APPROACHING AND WILL BE HERE SHORTLY. YOU WILL BE SAFE...
WHY MUST YOU LEAVE? WHY!?

SHE WAS BLIND. STILL HER LARGE, BLUE EYES GAZED IMPLORINGLY INTO YOURS, BLOCKING ALL ELSE FROM YOUR VISION. YOUR TASK BECAME ALL THE MORE DIFFICULT.

HER SIGHT, LIKE HER BLINDNESS, WAS ONLY TEMPORARY. HER VISION FADED. YOUR MOUTH PRESSED AGAINST HERS.
I MUST GO... I MUST...
SHORTLY...
HE WAS RIGHT HERE, SIR! HERE ARE THE BODIES...SGT. REYMANN AND OUR TWO SCOUTS. HE CUT THEM DOWN! I FIRED, BUT...
YES...
I WOULD LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT AMERICAN! I WOULD...
YES...PERHAPS YOU WILL. COME.
CAUTION, HERR WOLFFE. ALWAYS USE CAUTION. I WILL GO IN FIRST, YOU WILL FOLLOW.
MISS VON LYNKER!? QUICKLY, WOLFFE! GET THE MEDIC. MISS VON LYNKER, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, YES...I WILL BE. DID YOU SEE HIM? DID YOU FIND CAPT. SCHULTZ!?

WE THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD BEEN KILLED OR...OR CAPTURED, YOUR FATHER, THE GENERAL, WILL BE GREATLY RELIEVED. CAPT. SCHULTZ? NO, MISS. WE SAW NO ONE, NOT EVEN THE...
OH...IS THAT HIST CAPT. SCHULTZ??
YES.
ES IST EIN AMERIKANISCHE HELM.
IT IS AN AMERICAN HELMET.
SHE IS SAFE...THEY HAVE FOUND HER. BUT YOU HAVE LOST HER, YOU ARE ALONE ONCE AGAIN...AND YOU FEEL IT NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE.
THE END